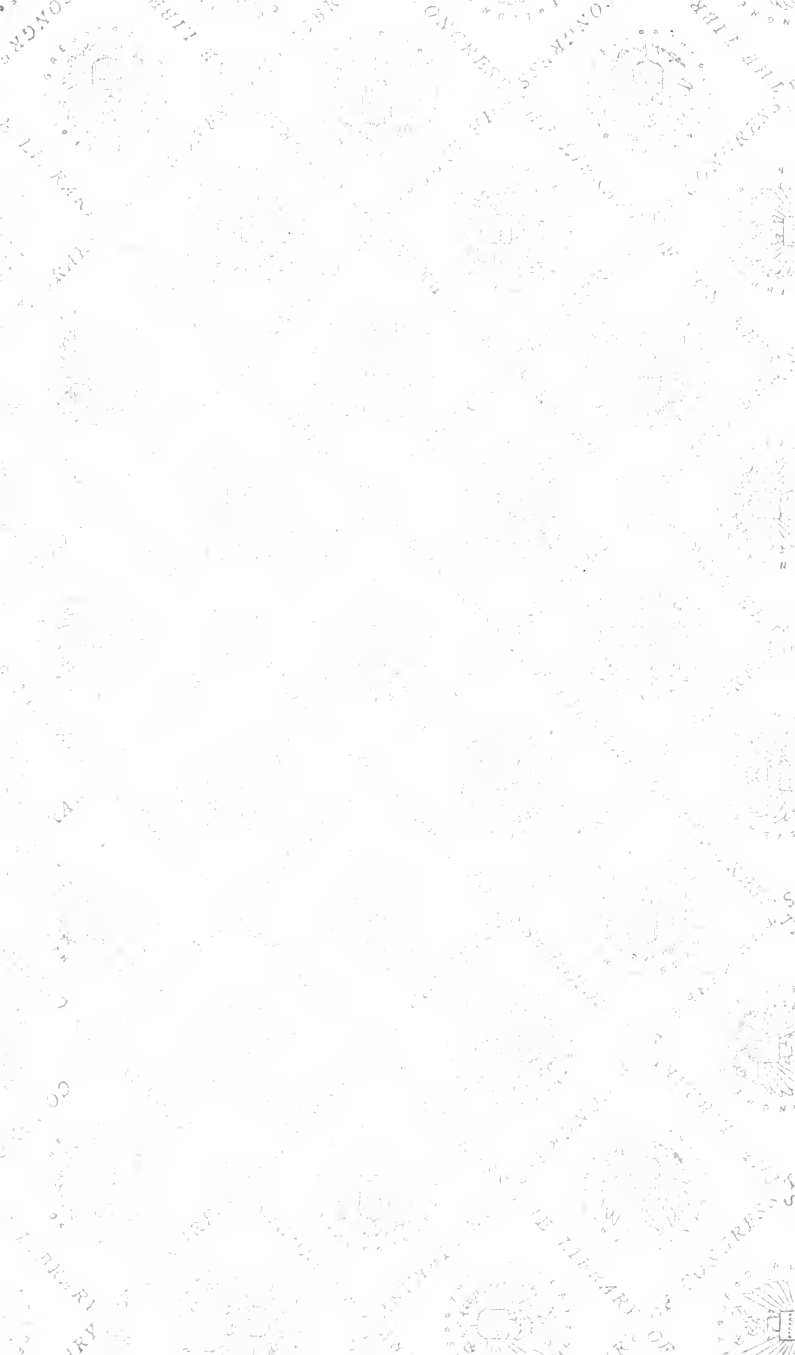
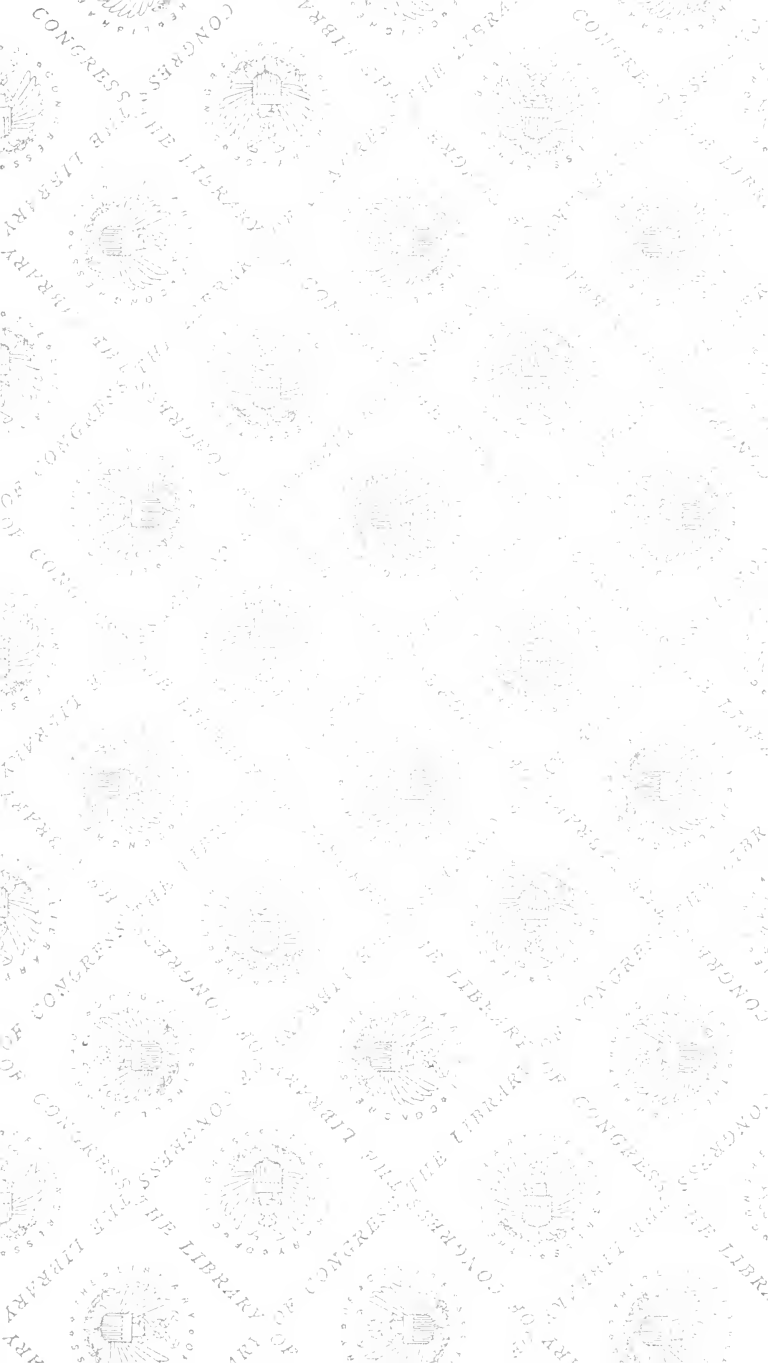


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IT HAPPENED IN

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

A Collection of Historical Incidents which Occurred
in Nashville, are Commemorated there, or in
which Nashville People were Actors

COMPILED FOR THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU OF THAT CITY

BY

W. E. BEARD

P. 1. 11

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orig. May 17, 1858

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FRENCH ROYALTY IN PIONEER NASHVILLE.

Nashville's earliest visitors of note came in 1797. They were the three French princes—Louis Philippe d'Orleans, aged 24; Count de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais—whose father, the Duke of Orleans, had been guillotined in October, 1793. They were in exile from their own land, the horrors of whose Revolution were still fresh in the world's memory. Louis Philippe became King of France. The ashes of Count Montpensier have slept for generations in Westminster Abbey, in London.

Bent upon a study of the resources and conditions of the new republic, Washington was applied to by them for an American itinerary, and the father of his country drew in red ink on a pocket map the route for their journey. Travel through the sparsely settled country in 1797 was a matter of much hardship, the journey being made on horseback. At certain points smoked bear's grease and Indian corn served to satisfy the hunger of the young Bourbons; drenching rains sometimes occurred, beds were scarce, and a cup of coffee was a rarity. In East Tennessee Louis Philippe, having had a fall from his horse, bled himself with such good results that he was invited to operate on a venerable chief of an Indian tribe. This operation, too, was highly successful.

The princes reached Nashville May 10, 1797. It was court week in the future capital of Tennessee, and the royal visitors were forced to sleep three in a bed, their temporary abode while here being at the house of Captain Maxwell. While in Nashville they were guests at dinner of an Englishman.

On May 13 the princes pushed forward to Louisville,

a well filled tin canteen being a souvenir of their stay in Nashville.

Authority: The diary of Louis Philippe, as published in the Century in September, 1901, by Jane Marsh Parker.

* * *

THE VISIT OF BLENNERHASSETT.

There is no more tragic figure in American history than Harman Blennerhassett.

"A native of Ireland," said William Wirt at the trial in Richmond, "a man of letters who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. * * * Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied blooms around him; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquility, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children."

The peace and contentment of his early surroundings Blennerhassett lost through his association with the plans of Aaron Burr. Discharged from arrest in Mississippi territory, after a dreary wintry voyage down the western waters, and hearing of the desolation of his island home in the Ohio by the Virginia militia, the unfortunate adventurer hurried homeward over the old Natchez Trace, then the connecting highway between Nashville and the Southwest. His course impeded by heavy rainfalls, and himself tortured by bodily pains and forebodings of ill fortune, somewhere in the vicinity of Nashville an over-

shadowing misfortune befell him. He lost his wife's picture.

Writing from Nashville June 29, 1807, to his helpmeet—a woman whose charms of person have a place in the traditions of the country—the unhappy traveler said:

“My yet last and greatest misfortune was visited upon me—the treasure, the greatest after yourself and the boys, I could have in this world; for if I do not recover it, it is irreparable—how shall I mention it? I lost your second self. Joe sets out twenty miles back, tomorrow early, in quest of it, where we have some hope of recovering it. Oh! had Mrs. Alston (Theodosia Burr), by one of the best impulses that ever actuated her, had she purloined it, how consoling would be the prospect of my journey; it would animate me to visit it. How, my love, will you soothe this heaviest of my sorrows? I have complained to you of none until this overtook me.”

So far as Mr. Blennerhassett's letters to his wife show, the picture was never found, though the traveler advertised for it in Nashville, offering a \$10 reward, and had other runners besides his faithful Joe out searching.

To recompense him for the loss, his wife forwarded the picture of their two boys. His first letter to his wife after leaving Nashville, Blennerhassett wrote from the jail at Lexington. The trial at Richmond followed, and when released from custody at last, it was as an utterly ruined man. He died from a stroke of paralysis on the island of Guernsey February 1, 1831, his head in death resting upon the bosom of his devoted wife.

* * *

JACKSON'S DUEL WITH DICKINSON.

Among all the biographers of Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States and hero of New Orleans—and they have been numerous in recent years—none perhaps have ever seen the grave of his opponent in the duel—Charles Dickinson.

The grave, surmounted by an old-fashioned box tomb, placed there by his grandson, is upon what is known now as the Whitworth property, a part of what formerly belonged to Dickinson's father-in-law, Joseph Erwin, a wealthy planter of Nashville in the days of its infancy.

Dickinson died near the scene of the duel with Jackson, some hours after the encounter. His remains were brought back to Nashville and interred upon one of the highest points of his father-in-law's extensive estate, his funeral, according to the custom of the time, taking place some weeks after his death. At the time of his duel, Dickinson's family consisted of a young wife and an infant child. The latter, grown to manhood two generations ago, placed around the lonely grave in the woodland a cedar fence, which in the course of time was supplanted by the box tomb now covering the grave.

When the tomb was placed there has passed from the memory of the oldest citizen of Nashville, where few there are indeed who know the locality of the grave. The tomb stands in the corner of a small inclosure about a small dwelling house not far from the Golf and Country Club, on the Harding Road. Beside it grows a hackberry tree, and one corner of the old tomb has sunk six inches or more, attesting to its age. There is no mark upon it to tell whose body lies beneath the tomb, but it is a well established fact that the grave is Dickinson's. Years ago a party of young students evolved the idea of raiding the grave at night, disinterring the remains and securing the bullet which penetrated from one side of Dickinson's body to the other, stopping where it could be felt beneath the skin. This extraordinary scheme was not carried into execution, and so far as the world knows the bones of Dickinson have long since become dust.

Following is the newspaper account of the duel printed in Nashville's newspaper at the time:

"On Friday, the 23rd. ultimo, Gen. Andrew Jackson came into this office, and told the editor that he had received information that Mr. Charles Dickinson was about to have a piece published which respected himself, and

demanded a sight of it; his request was complied with; a few hours after which, we are informed, the General challenged Mr. Dickinson, which was accepted, and a meeting agreed upon in the State of Kentucky, on the Friday following (May 30, 1806), at 7 o'clock A. M. They accordingly met with their friends, Gen. Thomas Overton and Dr. Hanson Catlett, near Col. Harrison's on Red River, at the hour appointed; where upon exchange of fire Mr. Dickinson received a mortal wound, of which he died in a few hours. Gen. Jackson was slightly wounded by the ball passing through his left breast."

The duel grew out of a forfeited horse race between Gen. Jackson's horse, Truxton, sired by Diomede, winner of the first English Derby, and Ploughboy, the horse of Capt. Joseph Erwin, Dickinson's father-in-law. The Erwin side satisfied the forfeit, but busy trouble makers stirred up a question about the notes with which the forfeiture was paid, and brought about a bitter quarrel. In the course of that quarrel, Thomas Swann, a young lawyer lately arrived from Powhatan County, Virginia, challenged Jackson to a duel, and Jackson caned Swann in the old Wynn tavern. On March 1, John Coffee, a devoted friend of Jackson, met Nathaniel A. McNairy of the other faction on the field of honor across the Kentucky border. The closing chapter of the embroglio was the tragic meeting between Jackson and Dickinson which cost the latter his life. The wound received by the former troubled him as long as he lived.

In the midst of the turmoil which disturbed the community, the two horses at last met, running the two mile heats at Clover Bottom, on the present road to the Hermitage, Truxton winning without the aid of whip or spur, though running, as "Old Hickory" put it, on "only two legs."

HOUSTON'S DUEL WITH GEN. WHITE.

Three years before he severed his connection with the public life of Tennessee by abruptly resigning the office of Governor, Sam Houston, Texas' commander in her war for independence, fought his only duel. His opponent was Gen. Will White, a member of Jackson's staff in the old Creek War.

Houston represented the Hermitage District in Congress at the time, and the trouble grew out of the post office appointment at Nashville. Houston in his fight over the appointment went so far as to assail the private character of John P. Erwin, the successful applicant. When he returned home, Erwin sought satisfaction. His note was borne by Col. John T. Smith, of Missouri, a man exceedingly well versed in the use of firearms. Houston declined to receive such a communication from the hands of a non-resident. Smith narrated Houston's objection to Gen. White, who suggested that the note be tendered again in the presence of a witness. He was solicited to be a witness, and accepted. Houston was found in front of the old Nashville Inn, whose site at the corner of Second Avenue, North, and the north side of the Public Square is today marked by a tablet.

A colloquy ensued between Houston and White, and the ground for the duel was laid. A challenge from White followed, and the two met at sunrise, September 28, 1826, on the Duncan farm, in Simpson County, Ky., 200 yards from the Tennessee border. White, who offered a mark that any random shot might hit, was grievously wounded, Houston's ball almost passing through his body. The wound, however, was not fatal.

The Simpson County grand jury indicted Houston on the charge of shooting with intent to kill, but nothing ever came of it, Houston taxing his political enemies with the procedure, their aim being to injure him in his race for Governor.

ABORIGINAL BELLE OF TENNESSEE.

What of the prehistoric residents of Nashville?

Over a hundred years ago, a Tennessean, widely known and esteemed at home and elsewhere, peeped behind the veil of mystery and left an account of what he saw equal in impetus to interest to the visionary inspiration of any novelist.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century there lived in Middle Tennessee a gentleman, Charles Cassidy. In his later years, at least, probably before, he was a man without fortune and without home of his own; but his mental attainments were of such high order that in any home in Tennessee he was a welcome guest, and that for as long a period as he elected to remain. He was the friend and correspondent of the first men of his time, and he himself had some place in the history of Tennessee.

"Some time in the month of January, 1811," wrote Mr. Cassidy in 1829, "whilst residing in the city of Nashville, Mr. Thomas Eastin, at that period the editor of the public journal entitled 'The Examiner,' exhibited to me for correctional inspection a manuscript sheet, badly written and worse composed, purporting to be an account for publication of some human bodies which had been recently discovered in a state of interment and preservation in a cavern in the County of Warren and State of Tennessee. The narrative stated in substance that the bodies were two in number, male and female; that they were severally enshrouded in a variety of envelopes, some of which were of uncommon material and extraordinary texture; that they were enclosed in separate coffins, and in a state of entire preservation, although bearing unequivocal marks of great antiquity, etc. etc. Assuming no responsibility whatever for the authenticity of the statement, yet presuming that the American public would feel an interest in anything relating

to the antiquities of the West, the substance of the narrative was thrown into form and given to the world, without comment, coloring or distortion, in the columns of the Examiner, where it may yet be found. This publication, as might be expected from a narrative of rather an extraordinary character, and anonymously written, gave rise to much vague speculation, sapient incredulity and grave conjecture.

"In the month of April of the same year (1811), I communicated to Dr. John R. Bedford, lately deceased, all the facts connected with the obtainment of the manuscript, on which the publication in the Examiner had been founded, and stated to him candidly my opinions. He was a man of much philosophical research, and of a refined and scientific mind, and although somewhat skeptical in his opinions on points not clearly demonstrable, was much to be relied on for the keenness of his mental perceptions and the liberal extension of his views. He stated to me that, notwithstanding the state of public opinion, which was often regulated by the shrewd speculations of ignorance, the matter was worthy of further investigation, as connected with the aboriginal history of the country, in which future generations would feel more interested than the present; and that if I would attempt a more ample and satisfactory investigation of the subject, he would afford me every facility in his power. Knowing that I had some business to transact at the eastward, and that by deviating a little from the route intended to be pursued in the journey, the cave might be visited and the bodies themselves examined, he proffered to accompany me that distance.

"We found the cavern, if such it might be called, within a few hundred yards of the bank of the Caney Fork of the Cumberland River, in a country remarkable for the ruggedness of its aspect, and the lofty and abrupt acclivity of its hills and mountains. At that early period, if our sage reviewer will tolerate the expression, it seemed to be the seat of inanimate existence, primeval solitude and native desolation; a wild and solitary spot,

in which the silence of nature had seldom been broken, unless by the sound of the cataract which fell from its rocks into the valley beneath, or the roar of the turbid and swollen waters of the adjacent river.

"We easily found the spot of re-interment, which was apparent from the freshness of the earth, and after penetrating the dry earth about two feet came to the coffins, and divested them of their lids or covers, et cetera. One of the bodies, that of the male, seemed to have undergone a considerable change, owing probably to the former exposure of it to the atmosphere, and was not removed from its bed. The other, that of the female, which appeared in a state of high preservation, and seemed to to have suffered no recent mutation, was raised entirely with its coffins and wrappings. The coffin, rather more than four feet in length, was manufactured of split reeds neatly polished and interlaced in the manner of wicker or basket work. It was suited to the dimensions of the body, when enveloped in all its interior covering—and surmounted with a close lid or cover of the same material and workmanship. The outer wrappings were deer-skins, soft and pliant to the hand, dressed to retain their thick coat of hair, and by a process of which I know nothing, and consequently can say nothing. The next, and much more remarkable envelope, was a mantle of feathers, and about six feet square, of a bright and glossy surface, and of a reddish-brown color. The feathers were short and soft, and if of their primitive hue were the plumage of some bird of which we know nothing. The woof or web to which they were evidently attached in the manufacture, and which disposed of them all in the same direction on both sides, appeared to have been fabricated of the fiber or lint of the wild nettle, which is probably the growth of most countries of the globe. This mantle, when held up to the strong light and gradually varied in its positions, presented to the eye a glossy and varying surface—not much inferior in brilliancy to that of changeable silk. The inmost envelope or shrouding, next to the body, was apparently of the material and texture which characterized the web of the mantle; am-

ple in its dimensions, and of a coarse but even and smooth fabric—and whether woven or netted, neither the Doctor nor myself could satisfactorily determine. It was of a light flaxen color, and seemed to have been softened by artificial means.

“The body itself, when divested of its envelopes and exposed to a clear and strong light, was of a faint brownish hue, and the limbs of very delicate and feminine proportions. The whole bony, muscular and tendinous structure of the frame, with the exceptions which will be presently noticed, was entire, even to the points of the toes and fingers, which still retained the nails; nor was the proportionate and muscular swell of the trunk and limbs any more shrunk or depressed than might have been expected from the emaciations incident to a bed of sickness. With the exception of a slight injury to the right side of the head, originating probably from the awkwardness and inattention of those who discovered and first raised the body, and a transverse cut across the abdomen of some length, the muscular system was entire, and the skin was unbroken. The feet were partially drawn up and the hands crossed over the breast, on which was found a fan, apparently constructed of the tail feathers of some bird of considerable size. The hair was of fine and glossy texture, of a bright auburn color, and of a length not distinctly recollected; and respecting the face particularly, it is a remarkable fact, and scarcely credible, that the cheeks were full and the eyelids prominent as in life. In the publication originally made in the Examiner, from the crude statements contained in the manuscript before noticed, and from which I do not consider myself at liberty to depart, it was alleged that as in life, the eyeballs occupied their sockets, that the eyes were unusually full and of a bright color. The fact, however, was otherwise, and I soon discovered the causes of the error. On separating the lids with the blade of a knife I found, as might be expected, that the eyeballs had entirely disappeared, and that their orbicular cavities were completely filled with a blue or greenish mold, which had been mistaken by the author of the manu-

script, probably in a moment of trepidation, for the humors—coats—and native color of the eye.

“On contemplating these mute and inanimate remains, which had probably slept undisturbed through a long lapse of ages, it is to be presumed that neither my feelings nor emotions were of a very ordinary character. Here was a very frail memorial of the mysterious, solemn and unfathomable destinies of mankind, raised, as it were, from the abyss of ages long gone by, and from the oblivious silence of a tomb, to which it had been consigned by the hand of conjugal affection or parental love; for it will not be questioned by those who are acquainted with the cold and negligent funeral rites observed by the present Indian nations, and will contrast them with the comparatively rich appendages of this body, that it must have been interred by a very ancient people, and consecrated to refined and tender recollections by no ordinary sentiments of veneration for the memory of the dead.

“Unwilling that these monuments of antiquity should only survive in the recollection of two persons whose authority for representing their existence might even be questioned, I took a sample of the shrouding which immediately enveloped the body of the female, and also another about a foot square from the mantle of feathers; then amputating one of the feet at the ankle joint, taking care to obtain as large a portion of the tendon of Achilles as would be drawn out without much violence, I wrapped the whole carefully in paper, together with a lock of hair, and prosecuted my journey. I had business with Mr. Jefferson, and was compelled to take his place of residence in my route. From his character and writings, I knew him to be a man of investigative and philosophic mind; one of Johnson’s great men, whose mental existence and researches were not confined to the present time, but embraced the past and future. After contemplating the vestiges of antiquity with much attention and exhibiting them to the Russian Ambassador, then resident under his roof, he remarked in substance that they were highly worthy of attentive preservation; that

they bespoke the existence of a people entirely unconnected with known aborigines of this country, and of whom, so far as he knew, the traditionary history of the present Indian tribes was entirely silent; that he could not suppose them to be either of Indian or Spanish origin; that the color of the hair forbid such a supposition, as respected the Spaniards, and that the aborigines of the country were proverbial for black hair and knew nothing, to his knowledge, of such manufactures; and that had they been Spaniards, their coffins would have been of very different material and construction, and the shrouding of their bodies of a very different character, etc. And I will here remark from my own observation of the modes of burial practiced by the Indian nations of this country, many of whose graves I have opened and examined, that they were very simple—consisting of flat rocks, disposed in something of a regular order, bottom, sides and tops of the graves without any shrouding or any other covering than a little earth.

“On my arrival at New York, considering it a duty to take measures for the preservation of these antiquities and for the satisfaction of public curiosity, I deposited them in the American Museum of that city. They were placed in a glass case made expressly for the purpose, in which I afterwards saw them, during the summer of 1815, at which period, after a lapse of more than four years, neither the foot nor its accompaniments had suffered the least change or exhibited any symptoms of decay, and where I presume they may yet be found.”

* * *

CARROLL'S DUEL WITH JESSE BENTON.

Governor William Carroll, a Pennsylvanian by birth, served Tennessee six terms as Governor, was a part owner in the first steamboat that ever came up the Cumberland, and was one of Jackson's commanders at the battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815, when the

British were utterly routed. For this service Tennessee presented him a sword, and when he died the State honored him again by erecting over his grave in the old City Cemetery at Nashville one of the handsomest monuments to be found within the confines of the State. Hard by that monument, which speaks eloquently of his service as a soldier, is the humbler resting place of Jesse Benton, the high-strung brother of Tom Benton, the "Old Bullion" of the United States Senate in antebellum days.

The encounter between Carroll and Benton grew out of a challenge borne by the latter in behalf of Lyttleton Johnston, a young officer in Jackson's first expedition to the supposed relief of New Orleans. The duel resulted in Benton being slightly wounded. But this was not all. Jackson acted as Carroll's second, incurring thereby for the time being Tom Benton's deadly displeasure. Out of it grew a terrible fight, in which Gen. Jackson came very near losing his life.

The following account of the duel between himself and Jesse Benton was written by Gen. Carroll, the object of the recital being to free Jackson from responsibility for the deadly distance at which the duel was fought—ten feet:

"I had been challenged by Littleton Johnston, a young officer of the army, and for reasons which it is unnecessary to detail I refused to meet him. Not satisfied with my refusal, he applied to Mr. Benton to act as his friend, and be the bearer of a second challenge to me. With a knowledge of my having declined to meet Johnston, he came to Nashville and delivered a second challenge from him (Johnston) to me, on the receipt of which I stated to Mr. Benton that I would give him an answer the next day. Mr. Benton having a knowledge of the circumstances of the affair between Johnston and myself, I thought it possible that he was disposed to make himself the principal. I therefore determined to inform him by note that I would not fight Johnston, but that if he would volunteer in his behalf he should be ac-

commodated with a meeting. I then went to General Jackson and informed him of what had passed and requested the favor of him to hand Mr. Benton the note which I intended writing to him. The General stated that he could perceive no cause of quarrel between Mr. Benton and me; that he would come to Nashville on the following day for the purpose of bringing about an amicable adjustment of the affair, and accordingly he did come to town, and at my request delivered to Mr. Benton a note which I had prepared before his arrival and of which the following is a copy:

“Nashville, June 11, 1813.—Sir: I presume you were apprised that I would not have anything to do with Mr. Johnston, in the way he requested, and your coming forward as his friend after having this knowledge makes it probable you have volunteered in his behalf. If so, you can explain to General Jackson your object, and your wishes, and it will only rest with yourself the line of conduct you intend to pursue here, as no communication from Mr. Johnston will be attended to by me. I am, etc.,

WILLIAM CARROLL.

“Mr. Jesse Benton.’

“On delivering this note to Mr. Benton, General Jackson, as I was then informed, stated to him he was under no obligation to fight me, and advised him to consult with some experienced gentleman, who would doubtless give him the same advice. This he did do, as I was afterwards informed by a gentleman he consulted on the subject, who gave him the same opinion. However, after most of the day had expired, he handed to General Jackson a note in the following words:

“Nashville, June 11, 1813.—Major Carroll, Sir—I consider the note you sent me as dictated in the spirit of hostility, and moreover, I consider your conduct in regard to Mr. Johnston as unjustifiable. I therefore deem it necessary to request that you will cause the necessary preparations to be made for a decisive settlement of the affair in which we are engaged. You will please

inform me as early as possible, as I shall be in complete readiness by 12 o'clock tomorrow. I have the honor to be, etc.,

JESSE BENTON.

“Major William Carroll.”

“He was informed by the General that I would meet him. It was agreed between them that on the next day but one, at twelve o'clock, the friend of Mr. Benton and General Jackson should meet in Nashville for the purpose of agreeing to the rules which were to govern the parties in terminating the affair. The matter having progressed so far, I conceived it to be my duty to adopt such measures as would put me on equal grounds with my adversary, who was known to be a first rate marksman with a pistol, and as I never had shot much, I concluded that he would have no advantage if the distance was short, and therefore determined on ten feet. This determination I made known to General Jackson, who said that having been challenged, I had the right of selecting the distance; but as I had equally the right of naming the time, I could in a few days learn to shoot well, and therefore he thought there could be no great objection to the usual distance of thirty feet. Finding that I was disposed to adhere to the distance first selected, the General proposed that it should be increased to at least fifteen feet. After making an experiment by shooting a few times, I decided not to alter the distance I had first chosen. I mention this circumstance because General Jackson had been incorrectly charged with advising the selection of a short distance with a view of making the combat a desperate one. At the time appointed, General Jackson and a friend of Mr. Benton met in Nashville, and the rules and regulations for governing the parties and bringing the affair to a close were drawn up and signed by them. And although I had the undoubted right to fix the time of meeting, yet that was conceded by the courtesy of General Jackson to Mr. Benton, and he did appoint for that purpose 6 o'clock the next morning. In further proof of the conciliating conduct of the General, he called on me twice the same aft-

ernoon the rules were agreed on (at the instance of Mr. Benton and his friends, as he informed me), to get me to consent to an extension of the distance, to which I would not agree. The next morning we met at the place appointed, and after our pistols were loaded Mr. Benton and myself took our pistols, ten feet from each other, standing back to back. After being asked if we were ready, both answering in the affirmative, the word 'Fire' was given, when we wheeled and fired. Mr. Benton was severely wounded, and myself slightly."

The aftermath of this encounter was the desperate fight between the Bentons—Tom and Jesse—and General Jackson, John Coffee and Stokeley Hays in the old City Hotel, at that time standing on the east side of the Public Square of Nashville. Tom Benton was greatly incensed that Jackson had been the second of his brother's opponent in a duel, and on the way from Washington to Nashville used violent language. Jesse Benton in the fight escaped through the interference of bystanders. Tom Benton backed into a providentially provided flight of steps and tumbled down them just as Coffee attacked him. Jackson's shoulder was shattered by a charge of slugs from the pistol of Jesse Benton, so that the call to take the field against the murderous Creeks after the Fort Mims massacre found him desperately wounded, though he bravely took the field. General Jackson and Col. Tom Benton, however, did not continue through life at daggers' points. In later years the latter became "Old Hickory's" stoutest defender in Congress.



PRESIDENT POLK'S EAGLE QUILL PEN.

Among the choicest relics that Tennessee possesses of the war with Mexico and of her son whose administration of the Presidency is especially noted by reason of that war, is a pen curiously fashioned from an eagle's quill, with which James K. Polk signed the document proclaiming peace. Its value as a relic of the man and

of the war is accentuated by the fact that the history of the pen was written by Polk himself. And this is the story:

"This quill was presented to me by Mrs. Custis, the wife of Col. Custis, of Gloucester, Virginia—by the hands of Mr. Fitzhugh, who states that Mrs. C. is a Democrat and her husband is a Whig. Mr. F. tells me that this quill was dropped by an eagle flying over the plantation of Mr. Custis on the day Mr. Clay was nominated for the Presidency—in May, 1844. I requested Mr. Fitzhugh to present to Mrs. C. my thanks for the quill, and say to her that I would make a pen of it, and sign my first message to Congress with it. Presented 28th Aug., 1845. J. K. P.

"Washington, Dec. 2nd., 1845: I have this day signed my first message to Congress, with the pen made of the eagle's quill described above, and with which I wrote this memorandum. J. K. P.

"Washington, Dec. 29th., 1845: I this day approved and signed a joint resolution of Congress, entitled 'Joint Resolution for the Admission of the State of Texas into the Union.' I signed the said resolution, being the first legislative act I had approved, with the pen of the eagle's quill described in the foregoing memorandum. I write this memorandum with the same pen.

" JAMES K. POLK.

"Washington, Dec. 29th., 1845: 1½ o'clock p.m., being about half an hour after I had signed the resolution to admit Texas into the Union, a committee of Congress presented me with an act passed by that body—To extend the laws of the United States over the State of Texas. I approved it, and signed it with the same pen of the eagle described above, and with which I make this note. JAMES K. POLK.

"Washington, July 30th., 1846: I this day approved and signed an act entitled, 'An act reducing the duty on

imports and for other purposes.' This act affects the long desired reform of the tariff act of 1842, which has given rise to one of the greatest struggles between the two great political parties which has ever been witnessed in this country. I approved and signed the bill with the pen made of the eagle's quill, described in the first page of this sheet.

JAMES K. POLK.

"July 4, 1848: This afternoon about 4½ o'clock, p.m., Dr. Reyburn, a bearer of dispatches, arrived, bringing with him the ratified treaty of peace with Mexico. The proclamation announcing the exchange of ratifications of the treaty and the ratifications of peace between the two countries was prepared this evening at the State Department. I signed the proclamation in the presence of Judge Mason, the Secretary of the Navy, about 11 o'clock p.m. I signed it with the pen made of the eagle's quill, described on page 1 of the accompanying sheet.

"July 4, 1848.

JAMES K. POLK."

The pen is still capable of good use, and the quaint, probably characteristic handwriting of the former President is still distinctly legible, though written over sixty years ago. The pen is on exhibition at the Tennessee Historical Society at Nashville.

* * *

MUMMY NASHVILLE EDITOR'S REWARD.

A museum of general interest as well as of historical value through its mementoes of great Tennesseans or great Tennessee occasions, is the State Historical Society, which makes its home in the Watkins Building, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Church Street, in Nashville.

Almost everything from the rude vessels of the mound builders to a death mask of Napoleon is included in the list of curios and relics, with the papers and documents

running from the bound volume of Tennessee's first newspaper to proclamations by the great among her sons, printed on silk instead of paper.

Of greatest general interest in the collection is a mummy, a gift to the society by Jeremiah George Harris, the great ante-bellum editor of Tennessee, the contemporary of George D. Prentice. For over fifty years the Egyptian has been the property of the society. Following his editorial efforts in behalf of the Jackson party and of Polk in Tennessee, Col. Harris received an appointment in the navy, and in 1860 the man-of-war on which he was stationed was in Egyptian waters. Col. Harris went on shore frequently, and on one occasion was walking out with a member of the Khedive's staff, when the latter was set upon by ruffians. Col. Harris, who was a man of great strength, went to his companion's rescue, and the rogues were quickly put to flight.

"What can I do for you," asked the Egyptian officer, "to show adequate appreciation of the service you have rendered me?"

"Give me a mummy," laughed the American.

"A mummy?" repeated the Egyptian, pondering the question. Did you know, sir, that our laws prohibit the removal of mummies under penalty of death? But, never mind, your request shall be fulfilled. Just before your vessel leaves the harbor a boat will come alongside. It will contain that for which you have asked."

It was so ordered. When the man-of-war prepared to depart a boat did come alongside, and a big bundle was slipped aboard. It was not opened until Boston was reached, when six mummies, instead of one, were found. They were unwrapped, and the best one sent on to the Tennessee Historical Society, where it now remains.

BROTHER OF NAPOLEON'S MARSHAL.

The story of the coming of no visitor to Nashville contains more of interest than that of Marshal Bertrand of France, the same who sat at the lonely death-bed of the great Emperor at St. Helena.

Those who have visited the magnificent tomb of Napoleon at Paris will recall the distinction paid to the Marshal in death by France, his sarcophagus, with that of Marshal Duroc, flanking the entrance to the crypt in which the remains of the Emperor repose in state.

The Marshal and his party including his son, Col. Napoleon Bertrand, and his aide, Monsieur Manoel, a nephew of Jerome Bonaparte, arrived in Nashville by steamer from St. Louis September 29, 1843, stopping for the evening at the old City Hotel, where many people called upon them. The following day they drove to the Hermitage. They were received with great cordiality, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon sat down to dinner with the General, Gen. Armstrong, Count de Moilles and Judge Dodd. It was said that when the two venerable soldiers met, tears became visible in the eyes of both. The party spent a pleasant day, and at night returned to Nashville, where they became guests at the home of Jackson's devoted friend, Judge John Catron, of the United States Supreme Court, the remains of which now stand in the rear of a saloon located at 216 Fourth Avenue, North.

The weather was very inclement, and Marshal Bertrand was prevailed upon to delay his departure for Louisville till Sunday. Many more citizens took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to call and make his acquaintance. As a result of this delay in his departure, the most remarkable feature of his visit occurred.

The incident, many years ago, was put in print by the late Thomas Boyers, of Gallatin, for years an esteemed editor of Tennessee. Mr. Boyers' story was as follows:

"Long before the Civil War, there lived in the town of Gallatin a little Frenchman named Bertrand. He kept a little store of nondescript articles in the building on Water Street now occupied by C. H. Cocke (1880) as a saddlery shop, and had a large family.

"Let us go back a little further in the century. Bertrand was conscripted in Frances, at Marseilles, in 18—, at the time of the insurrection of the blacks in San Domingo, then owned by France. He sailed with General Le Clerc and went through that horrible campaign, escaped to the United States, landing at Norfolk and finding his way to Richmond. He married his wife there, we believe, and drifted out to Tennessee and to Gallatin. This was as far back as 1840 or thereabouts.

"Some time about 1843 Napoleon's Marshal, Gen. Bertrand, paid a visit to the United States, and came to Nashville. While here he was the guest of Judge Catron, of the United States Supreme Court. During Marshal Bertrand's stay in Nashville a large number of citizens called to pay their respects. The writer was a very young man, and was among the visitors.

"On entering the parlor wherein he received, the Marshal was seated near the fireplace. The writer was instantly struck with his resemblance to the old man Bertrand of Gallatin. The likeness was perfect. The features of the Marshal had become familiar to us from an old painting depicting the death-bed of the first Emperor at St. Helena, and Count Bertrand was a prominent figure in the group, being seated, bent, near the bedside. Singular, too, that the likeness had never before occurred to us; but it flashed over us in an instant that there sat the twin brother—the double. Awaiting our time to be presented, further study of the face of the Marshal confirmed our idea beyond a doubt. In due time we had the honor of an introduction. He was like all Frenchmen, affable and courteous. As our youth did not justify us in more than a brief conversation, we very timidly asked the Marshal in what part of France he was born.

"He replied: 'At Marseilles.'

" 'Did you have any brother?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Was he with General Le Clerc in San Domingo?'

" 'He was; but I have never known what was his fate. Why do you ask?' he inquired of us.

"We replied that there was an old man in the town in which we lived who bore so striking a resemblance to him that we were struck with it the moment we saw him, and that it must be his long lost brother. He appeared agitated, and mused thoughtfully for several minutes, and then asked what was his condition. We told him of his straightened poverty and large family. He became silent for a while, and then rapidly thanking us for our kindness in giving him the information, he turned to others who were awaiting their presentation, and we never saw him again. On our return home we informed 'our' old Bertrand of the occurrence. He received it with indifference, without interest and without thanks. He neither confirmed nor denied our conclusion of his relationship to Marshal Bertrand. And yet we thought that we detected in the expression of his cunning little eyes confirmation of our belief. Evidently there was something between the brothers—there had been some trouble, and coolness or hatred had grown up.

"The incident soon passed out of our mind, and we thought no more of it. Many years afterward we learned with certainty that after our interview with Marshal Bertrand, he immediately dispatched a swift courier to Gallatin with messages to his brother, and a pressing invitation to meet him at Nashville, coupled with offers of pecuniary assistance. The courier found him 'in his cups,' and he savagely repulsed him, telling him to go to the devil. The courier returned to Nashville, and the old Marshal of a hundred fields, the chosen companion of the great Napoleon, left for New York, and sailed for France and a grave!"

GRANT CALLED TO COMMAND THE ARMIES.

(PRIVATE.)

*“NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, March 4, 1864.

“Dear Sherman: The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place.

“I now receive orders to report at Washington immediately, in person, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order, but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there that I shall accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started out to write about.

“While I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

“There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and †McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

*From the Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman.

†Gen. J. B. McPherson, commander of the Army of the Tennessee.

"The word you I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day, but starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find the time just now.

"Your friend,

"U. S. GRANT, *Major-General.*"

Sherman reached Nashville from near Memphis on March 17, in time to witness the presentation here on March 18 of a handsome sword, sash and spurs to Grant by his fellow-townsmen of Galena, Ill. Mrs. Grant, their daughter Nellie, and one or two of the boys were also present, the great soldier, as usual, according to Gen. Sherman, making rather an awkward figure at the ceremony. On the following day Sherman issued orders assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, to which he had been promoted by Grant's advancement. Grant went on at once to take personal command of the Armies of the Potomac and the James, and McPherson, in a little over four months, met his death in the fighting around Atlanta.

* * *

A SCHOOLGIRL BEFORE A MILITARY COURT.

"Disloyalty" and "uttering treasonable language" seem to have been particularly high crimes and misdemeanors in Nashville following the close of the war, in the good year of 1865. The penalty pronounced upon Miss Emma Latimer, a schoolgirl living in Edgefield (now East Nashville), for tearing down a United States flag suspended from a tree in her father's yard by two or three quartermaster clerks who were boarding with the Latimers, was that she pay a fine of \$300 and be imprisoned in a military prison for ninety days. The occurrence took place July 4, 1865, the flag being immediately torn down by Miss Latimer, who was a very loyal little "rebel." In the prosecution that followed, Miss Latimer was defended by Col. William G. Brien, long a member

of the bar of Nashville. Col. Brien made a most scathing arraignment of the "heroic" quartermaster clerks, whose "first fight for the United States flag was with a thoughtless schoolgirl." The sentence pronounced was set aside by Brevet Maj.-Gen. Johnson, in command of the Middle Tennessee District, who ordered Miss Latimer restored to her parents, but took occasion to admonish her against further "treasonable" acts.

* * *

THE TYPEWRITER IN TELEGRAPHY.

Simple as the matter appears now, after typewriters have been in general use for years, it took time for the value of the writing machines in copying press reports for the newspapers to be appreciated. The first to appreciate the aid of the typewriter to a press operator was John Payne, an operator of the Western Union in Nashville, whose particular duty it was to take the Associated Press report for the old American, the report then amounting to something like 7,000 to 8,000 words nightly.

It was about the year 1885 that Payne, later a well known citizen of Cincinnati, was engaged in this work. He was a splendid operator, and in addition a generous, jolly fellow, and every one who recalls him as a resident of Nashville has a pleasant word to say of him.

It was some time in May of 1885 that Addison C. Thomas, formerly Superintendent of the Associated Press, paid a visit to Nashville. The Associated Press had just leased wires to Memphis and Nashville, and the superintendent was on a trip establishing offices and looking out for good operators. His business led him into the office of the managing editor of the American, and it was in the managing editor's wastebasket that his eye caught sight of a piece of castaway copy. It interested him at once. It was a news story under a Chi-

ago date line of that day, and was typewritten. As the press report was then written by hand, a piece of typewritten copy was indeed worthy of the notice of the visiting official.

"Go ahead, read anything in the basket," was the response of the managing editor to the visitor's request for a closer look at the typewritten story from Chicago. In the shortest possible period of time the Associated Press official was making inquiries, and as a result discovered that Payne for months had been taking the press report on a typewriter, to the eminent satisfaction of all parties concerned.

"The moment I saw this copy," said Superintendent Thomas some years ago in telling of the incident, "I recognized its value to the telegraph editors, to the newspapers, to the compositors and to every one connected with the daily newspapers, in fact, to the telegraph operators themselves, and I believed that by using the typewriter they would be enabled to do their work more rapidly and with greater ease."

Superintendent Thomas had an interview with Payne at once, and in a very short time the latter was upon the payroll of the great press association. But his mission in life then passed from that of a mere operator; instead he was employed to become a missionary among his fellows in all the large press offices of the country. A few days later Superintendent Thomas and the young operator started upon a tour, the purpose of which was to relegate the old-time stylus to the days gone by. The missionary tour first carried John Payne to Louisville, thence to Indianapolis, to Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago and other cities. On this trip Payne's typewriter was the most important part of his baggage. The lessons were simple. Payne would copy the press reports a day and night in an office, and by the time the lesson was concluded, his pupil was a convert.

Within two weeks after the tour of instruction was concluded, the Associated Press had purchased \$5,000 worth of typewriters and had placed them in the various

newspaper offices. This large purchase was the first, according to Superintendent Thomas, to be made of the manufacturers for telegraph purposes; at least Payne's work is said to date the successful use of the machine in telegraphing. Prior to this time, however, the telegraph companies had made an attempt to introduce typewriters in their offices, but owing to the opposition of some of the men, probably due to the fact that the invention had not been entirely perfected, their use by telegraph operators amounted to nothing.

The Associated Press stimulated Payne's work as a missionary, by offering prizes to the operators making most rapid progress. Few innovations ever made in the newspaper offices of the country have proved of more general satisfaction.



FEAT OF AN OLD NASHVILLE PAPER.

On September 27, 1865, the old Nashville Republican Banner (the city's first permanent daily paper), resumed publication, the war having ended. John and Albert Roberts revived it. Before the year ended Henry Watterson and George E. Purvis bought an interest in the enterprise. Henry Watterson, after first Manassas, had come back to Tennessee and worked for this newspaper during the early days of the Civil War. Later he tried soldiering, being a voluntary aid on the staff of Gen-Forrest when Franc M. Paul, the publisher of the Chattanooga Rebel, the peripatetic organ of the Army of Tennessee, invited him to become the editor of that journal. After the war he was a member of the staff of the Republican Banner again, from the fall of 1865 until 1868, when he went to the Louisville Journal, which later consolidated with the Courier to form the Louisville Courier-Journal of today.

During his connection with the Republican Banner it

performed a feat which even in these later days of startling newspaper enterprise is worthy of a place in the history of journalism. Mr. Watterson himself was away at the time, perhaps on his wedding tour, but he has described that feat in his own matchless style, as follows:

"This was the way of it: The paper was about going to press. Mr. Henry Heiss, the managing editor, was preparing to leave the office, and Mr. McManus, the foreman, late an honored member of the New York Sun's typographical force and as brave and noble a man as I ever saw, was about closing the last form, when the fire broke out. The boys in the reporters' room were called back, the men were called back, the men were kept at their cases, and work on the fire in progress was at once begun. On the boys scribbled, page after page. The copy was rushed to the composing room. Away the type rattled in their sticks, and down came the flames, until it was certain the office was doomed. Out of this fire track and half a block off was a stone printing office, fully equipped and in a state of innocuous desuetude, belonging to the government. Mr. McManus said to Mr. Heiss, 'I'll lock up the forms and get them over there, if you can get access to the building.' Heiss broke open the door, lighted the lamps, transferred his force from one building to the other and quietly but rapidly proceeded with the work in hand.

"Mr. McManus remained to bring up the rear with the great metal forms. One after another was locked up and sent out, carried by two men each. The last one remained to be dispatched. Failure here was failure everywhere. The flames were closing in on McManus. The smoke was already filling the composing room. But this hero stood by his composing stone, coolly emptying column after column, watching as he did so the approaching flames of fire. He had just finished locking it when a part of the roof came down. Then he threw the form over his shoulder and on his back, and with the framework of the door blazing about him, passed out and down the burning stairs and into the street. The

rest of the work was quickly and easily done, and the newspaper which had hardly a stone left to mark its place of business was the only newspaper in the city which appeared on time with a full account of the fire."

The Republican Banner on September 1, 1875, consolidated with the old Union and American to form the American, which in 1910 was purchased by and merged with the Nashville Tennessean.



THE "FOOL WARRIOR" OF INDIAN DAYS.

For many years after the settlement on Cumberland River, destined to become Nashville, had its beginning, the pioneers suffered fearfully from the murderous ravages of the Indians. Many deeds of heroism and daring attended the defense by the whites of their homes and families. Only by the courage of the settlers in the face of constant hardship and danger, did the community survive. One of the most noted of the Indian fighters in the early days was Abe Castleman, called by the savages because of his daring, "The Fool Warrior." He came of a large Virginia family, several members of which settled about Nashville. In July, 1793, Joseph and Jacob Castleman were killed and Hans Castleman was badly wounded in a field near Hays Station, ten miles from Nashville. In retaliation Abe Castleman organized a company of sixteen to hunt the Indians. Reaching the Tennessee River, several Indians having been killed, all but six of the party of scouts turned back to the settlement. Castleman, Frederick Stull, Zach Maclin, John Camp, Eli Hammond and Zeke Caruthers continued on to the Indian country dressed and painted as warriors. They swam the Tennessee below the Indian town of Nickajack and struck a trail thought to lead to Will's Town. They had not progressed more than ten miles before they came upon a party of fifty Creeks, in war paint, but at that moment engaged in the peaceful occupation of eating. The approach of the disguised whites

caused no alarm among the savages, and arriving at a convenient distance the scouts, on a preconcerted signal, fired their pieces. The white men were marksmen trained by necessity never to miss a shot, and in the face of their fusillade seven warriors fell dead. Each had killed a man except Castleman. His gun being double charged, two warriors fell before it. In the confusion following the unexpected attack the white men escaped and made their way back to the settlement. Later it was learned that this was a war party bent on a raid on the Cumberland settlements. The bloody experience with Castleman and his company dampened the ardor of the war party to such an extent that the expedition was abandoned.



LAFAYETTE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

The most notable entertainment ever given a visitor to Nashville was, as it should have been, that accorded Marquis LaFayette, who came on May 4, 1825. He came on the invitation of the State, \$3,000 being expended for his entertainment. The entertainment plans for the first day included an elaborate parade, in which the gallant Frenchman rode in a carriage drawn by four handsome greys, a reception to the ladies of Nashville at the Masonic Hall, a dinner at the Nashville Inn, a reception by the Masons, and a formal call on Gov. Wm. Carroll.

The following day the soldiers encamped on South field were reviewed, the old Nashville Female Academy was visited, then Cumberland College; luncheon at the Hermitage, tea with Mayor Robert B. Currey, and then a ball at the Masonic Hall, attended by 300 ladies. At the supper, following the dancing, the gallant foreigner offered the toast: "Tennessee beauty—equal to Tennessee valour."

The distinguished guest left the following morning,

May 6, for Louisville on the chartered steamer *Mechanic*, Capt. W. Hall.

About 12 o'clock Sunday night, May 8, the steamer, while ascending the Ohio, near the mouth of Deer Creek, struck a snag. All the passengers were asleep when the shock came. Gov. Carroll, who had accompanied Tennessee's recent visitor on his way, aroused the Marquis and his suite, who were sleeping in the ladies' cabin. While the Marquis dressed, the yawl was prepared and in it were placed LaFayette, the eight-year-old daughter of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, the only female on board, and several others, the passage to the shore being safely effected. Two other trips were made, most of the cabin passengers being thus placed ashore, and then the boat sank, going down within ten minutes after she struck, in 18 feet of water, fifty yards from the shore. Some of the cabin passengers, nearly all the deck passengers, and most of the crew were precipitated into the murky water as the boat went down. The roof of the pilot house and a portion of one side of the boat remained above water, affording places of safety till they could be taken off. LaFayette's son and one of his suite, M. de Seyen, were among those still on the wreck when she careened, but they escaped to the shore. The Marquis lost his hat, most of his papers, part of his baggage, a carriage presented to him by Mrs. Custis, and a little dog, the gift of Col. Bumford and lady. Capt. Hall, in attending to the safety of the distinguished traveler and the other passengers, suffered the loss of \$1,300, but the money was subsequently recovered.

No house was near the point where the wreck occurred, and the dripping voyagers passed the remainder of the night in the forest, sitting in groups about the fires they quickly kindled, the Marquis occupying a mattress saved from the steamer, and sheltered from the rain-drops by an umbrella. In these gloomy surroundings the veteran patriot made himself at home until day, when one of Gov. Carroll's staff procured a ferry boat in which LaFayette was conveyed to the nearest cabin and

refreshed with the best its humble larder afforded. In the meanwhile the steamboat *Paragon* was seen descending the river, and on the order of her owner, William H. Neilson, of Louisville, one of the shipwrecked party, turned back, carrying the nation's guest and his fellow-passengers to Louisville.

The first report reaching Nashville of the mishap was that the *Marquis* had been lost, and until definite news of his safety was received the city, which had so lately been the scene of great festivity, threatened to go into mourning.



THE "GREY-EYED MAN OF DESTINY."

Scarcely a vestige remains of the birth-place and boyhood home of William Walker, the great filibuster, which formerly stood in Nashville at 142 Fourth Avenue, North. William Walker was the son of James Walker, who subsequently moved to Louisville and died there, his remains being brought back for burial in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in 1874. William Walker, romantically known to fame as "the Grey-Eyed Man of Destiny," was born in Nashville in 1824, and graduated at the old University of Nashville at the age of fourteen. He studied medicine, the law, and also essayed the newspaper business in various places. Relatives of the family relate a tradition of a love affair, the other party to which, Miss Helen Martin, a beautiful young woman of New Orleans, a deaf mute, died during a fever epidemic, the untimely ending of his romance sending Walker out upon the high road of adventure.

He was a man of small stature, and except for his remarkable grey eyes, the physical antithesis of a soldier of fortune, though he proved himself sufficiently a military character to arouse the hostility of two of the foremost nations of the world—the United States and England. In 1853, with a handful of men with whom he

had shipped out of San Francisco, he took La Paz, in Lower California, and proceeded to erect the republic of Sonora, with himself at the head. The republic's existence was brief. On May 8, 1854, Walker and the remnant of his little army reached San Diego and surrendered to a U. S. officer. He then turned his attention to Central America as a field of adventure. June 15, 1855, he landed in Nicaragua with a corps of bold spirits, and on July 12, 1856, was inaugurated president of the republic of Nicaragua. The States of Honduras, San Salvador, Guatemala and Costa Rica were soon arrayed against him. The struggle to set up and maintain his authority ended only with Walker's death. His expeditions to the dominion he claimed were a thorn in the flesh of the administration of President Buchanan, which proclaimed against him. The powers of Wall Street, too, sought the adventurer's destruction. But the people of this country were for him. Following his first expedition and his capitulation when confronted by an American war vessel commanded by Commodore Davis, Walker returned to his own country, his presence everywhere except in Washington exciting the liveliest interest. He delivered an address in New Orleans and another in Nashville, the latter at the State Capitol. While in New York, in June, 1857, he visited Wallack's Theatre. The place was thronged, attention being divided between the filibuster and the star, Miss Eliza Logan. At the close of the second act he was forced to speak. He said:

"Permit me, in returning thanks to you for these expressions of your sympathy, to refer to a scene painted by the great dramatic poet of the century. When Jeanie Deans went to the Duke of Argyle to beg the life of her sister, she wore the tartan of her country; after pressing her suit with impassioned earnestness, she said to the Duke: 'I thought your grace's heart would warm at the sight of the tartan.' He answered: 'When the heart of McCallum More ceases to warm at the sight of the tartan, may it cease to beat, and lie cold under the sod.' And I say now: When this heart shall

cease to beat in favor of the liberties and institutions of my native land, and to such marks of approval of my countrymen, may it cease to beat and lie cold under the sod."

August 15, 1860, Walker's last expedition, made up of less than 100 men, landed at Ruatan. August 21 found him in possession of Truxillo after desperate fighting, with Commodore Norvell P. Salmon, of the British sloop of war *Icarus* demanding the surrender of the city by 10 o'clock the following morning. Walker determined to evacuate the place. That night, accompanied by Rudler and Ryan, two of his lieutenants, and James Oates to act as sentinel, he led the way to a spot near the old Spanish cathedral where his treasure, \$12,000 taken from the custom house, was buried at dead of night. The evacuation then began. After bloody fighting with the Hondurans, in the course of which Walker was wounded, the little company finally reached Rio Negro, and at the trading post of an Englishman named Deming a halt was called. Here on September 3, Commander Salmon and Gen. Alvarez of the Honduran army, appeared. When the former demanded the surrender of the filibusters. Walker responded with an inquiry as to whether or not the demand was made as a British officer, and if the surrender was to be to British authority. Walker's last statement to the world was that the Englishman accepted the surrender as the representative of her Britannic Majesty. The *Icarus*, with her prisoners, all of whom had been disarmed, even to their knives, reached Truxillo the night of September 4, and the following morning the men were marched off to prison. Walker and Col. Rudler were formally turned over to the Honduran authorities, who decreed the former's death. On September 12, 1860, the imprisoned adventurers saw from a window in a cell their heroic leader, guarded by soldiers, march by between two priests on the way to the place of execution. He was clad in black and carried his hat in his hand. His brow was placid, his face even illuminated with a smile. On

a level stretch of sandy beach he received the last rites of the Church, faced a platoon and was shot to death. He died claiming to be the lawful president of Nicaragua. Years later an effort was made to locate his grave, but that part of the beach upon which he had been buried had long since washed away.

Of his lieutenants on that ill fated expedition, Rudler was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Ryan, Walker's chief of ordnance, survived to die in the Virginus affair. The most picturesque of all Walker's subordinates, Henry, an ex-officer in the U. S. army, died by his own hand in the hospital at Truxillo the night of the evacuation. Desperately wounded in an encounter with Ryan, the result of his own wilful disobedience of orders while intoxicated, it is said, the night Walker marched away he arose from his cot, poured several papers of morphine into a glass of lemonade, and holding his wounded jaw with his hand, he swallowed the deadly draft and lay down to die.



THE EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON.

The most notable execution ever taking place in Nashville was that of the Confederate partisan, Champ Ferguson. He was hanged in the yard of the old State Prison, that stood at the corner of Church and Stonewall Streets October 20, 1865. Col. W. R. Shafter, (a commander in the Spanish War), directed the execution as commander of the post. Ferguson was charged with killing some thirty-odd men during the war. Some of these deeds he admitted; others he disclaimed.

"I killed a good many men, of course; I don't deny that, but never killed a man whom I did not know was seeking my life," was the way the rugged mountaineer put it. After bidding his wife and daughter good-by on the morning the execution, Ferguson was led forth to the gallows. Col. Shafter read the charges, specifica-

tions and the sentence, and as the noose was placed about his neck, Ferguson's face broke into a sweat. Col. Shafter wiped it away.

"I don't know some of the things in these specifications," said the partisan; "but I don't deny anything I ever done. I want to be sent to my family. I don't want to be buried in this soil. Don't give me to the doctors. I don't want to be cut up here."

Col Shafter said: "You shan't, Mr. Ferguson."

Ferguson said: "I want to be put in that thing (the coffin) and taken to White County, where I can have my family around me. If I had only had my way, I wouldn't have been here."

"Whenever you are ready, I am done. My last request is to be sent away with my wife."

The cap was pulled down, the trap sprung and the terrible border fighter launched into eternity.

An effort had been made to secure leniency for the man, and a courier was sent to Washington to bring about that end, but the effort was without avail.



"GREAT LAND PIRATE" AT THE BAR

The following entry, forty years ago, was discovered in the records of the Davidson County (Nashville) Circuit Court of 1825, the leaves of which were even then musty with time. The fame of the criminal to whom the entry has reference once extended over every State in the Union, and his daring though violent deeds have been commemorated in prose and verse:

"Circuit Court, Davidson County, Thursday morning, May 25, 1825. The State vs. John A. Murrell. This day came the Attorney General for the State, solicitorial district in the State of Tennessee, and the said John A. Murrell was led to the bar by the Sheriff of Davidson County, whereupon came a jury of good and lawful

men, to-wit: Egbert Haywood, Henry Lile, Micajah Fly, William H. Nance, Brent Spencer, Jordan Hyde, John W. Wright, Philip Hoover, Newall H. Robertson, Godfrey Shelton, Jonathan Drake and John Nichols, who being elected, tried and sworn the truth of and upon the premises to speak, and having heard the evidence, on their oath do say that the said John A. Murrell is guilty of horse stealing in manner and form as charged in the bill of indictment; and thereupon, it being demanded of the said John A. Murrell if anything for himself hath or knoweth, to say why the court here to judgment and execution of and upon the premises should not proceed, he said he had nothing but what he had before said; whereupon all the regular premises being seen and understood, it is considered by the court that the said John A. Murrell receive upon his bare back at the public whipping post in Davidson County, thirty lashes; that he sit in the pillory two hours on Monday, two hours on Tuesday and two hours on Wednesday next; that he be branded on the left thumb with the letters 'H. T.;' that he be imprisoned twelve months from this day, and be rendered infamous, and pay the costs of the prosecution; and it is ordered that the Sheriff of Davidson County put the judgment as to whipping into execution immediately, and the branding on Wednesday next, in the presence of the court, and the said John A. Murrell is remanded to jail."

John A. Murrell was the most celebrated criminal of his day, that being something over a generation before the Civil War. His pseudonym, "The Great Land Pirate," came from the vast number of robberies which he was supposed to have committed. Horse stealing, negro stealing, highway robbery and murder were included in the offenses for which he is held responsible by Tennessee traditions, the field of his operations extending from Tennessee to New Orleans and into Arkansas. It was even alleged that an organization of which he was the head had ramifications in many States, the membership including men of influence and standing, as a result of

which a conviction of members of the clan was practically impossible. It is tradition in Tennessee, too, that a favorite mode of operation with the astute freebooter was to essay the role of a preacher of the gospel at times, attend some largely attended religious gathering, and while he exhorted, his confederates would make off with the horses of the assembled congregation. How much of this is true and how much legend no one now knows. He was finally sent to prison in Nashville for the crime of negro stealing. The Tennessee Supreme Court, sitting at Jackson affirming his sentence of ten years in 1837. After his release from prison, he removed to Bledsoe County, where he died shortly afterwards. A tradition in connection with his death is that after his burial his head was removed from the body, and it was a legend years ago in Bledsoe County that his brain outweighed that of Daniel Webster.

Much of the information regarding this comes from a pamphlet written by Virgil Stewart, one of those instrumental in his final arrest, who claimed to have acquired it through pretending to join the clan. The statements recorded in the pamphlet were given credence by some; by others they were discredited. At the time of their publication they created a sensation throughout several Southern States.



HE NAMED THE FLAG "OLD GLORY."

For nearly fifty years the man who named the flag "Old Glory" made his home in Nashville, and dying here March 3, 1886, he was laid to rest in the old City Cemetery, where sleep many of Tennessee's most notable dead. The epitaph upon his tombstone reads:

"His Ship! His Country!
And His Flag, Old Glory!"

Captain William Driver was born in Salem, Mass., on St. Patrick's Day, 1803. At the age of fourteen he ran

away to sea. He was made master of the "Charles Doggett," which sailed from Salem in 1831 for New Zealand, and it was her flag which was christened "Old Glory." Capt Driver retired from the sea a few years later, coming to Nashville in 1837 to join his brothers, Henry and Joseph, who had settled here. He brought with him his flag, the original "Old Glory." On February 27, 1862, following the occupation of Nashville by the Federal troops after Fort Donelson, the old flag was hoisted over the Capitol, supplanting the smaller flag of the Sixth Ohio. It remained there throughout the night. Today it is a highly prized relic in the Essex Institute.



HORSE RACE OF MANY MISHAPS.

Nashville, in 1855, was the scene of what was perhaps the most extraordinary horse race ever run—extraordinary not by reason of the time made, or the closeness of the finish, but because of the array of mishaps. The race was run September 29, on the old Walnut course, a track long since forgotten except by the more venerable citizens of Nashville. The race was a three-mile heat race between W. T. Cheatham's chestnut gelding, Henry Perritt; Col. C. A. Hamilton's colt, Whirlwind, and W. W. Woodfolk's Iodine. Both Henry Perritt and Whirlwind were splendid horses, Iodine, according to contemporaneous accounts, being not so speedy. A great crowd was present. The first heat of the race went to Henry Perritt, after a close race with Whirlwind, the time for the three miles being 5:47, the filly Iodine just saving her distance.

Whirlwind on the next heat outstripped Henry Perritt, going the distance in 5:50, the filly again barely missing the flag. The great crowd for the third heat, which every one expected to be the deciding one, was all excitement. The heat began pretty much as had the others, with Henry Perritt and Whirlwind the chief con-

tenders. In the second mile Whirlwind had the lead, with Henry Perritt close up and Iodine well behind. Suddenly the fireworks began. Whirlwind slipped and fell. Henry Perritt stumbled over him and likewise went down. Iodine's jockey, taking in the catastrophe which had befallen the leaders, raced to the front and past the struggling heap. The filly was nearly a mile away before the other two horses, gotten on their feet again with their jockeys helped back to the saddle, started in the wake of Iodine. Whirlwind's jockey, however, was seen to be fainting, and bystanders caught his mount and retired him from the race. Henry Perritt meanwhile had gone in pursuit of Iodine. It was a long chase, but the game gelding managed to save his distance, the filly winning the heat in 6:27.

For the fourth heat, Henry Perritt took the lead. His backers considered the race practically over, but the fleet racer promptly dampened their spirits by darting through a gap in the fence. While the horse was being gotten back on the track, Iodine once more raced to the front, taking a lead of half a mile before Henry Perritt was once more on the track. With the race all in her own hands, the filly passed the stand on the second mile and—promptly bolted. She jumped the fence, alighting on the other side in a group of negro onlookers.

By the time she was on the track again Henry Perritt had made up his distance, and the two started neck and neck for the wire. Henry Perritt, as they raced on, knocked down a man and lost his stride, but picking up the lost distance, easily won the heat and race in a hand gallop. The time was never taken.

It is a tradition that in this race of many mishaps one of the horses in bolting utterly demolished a bar, but all accounts do not so record it. It is a fact, however, that Henry Perritt as he was led to the stable, dropped dead.

THE INDIAN WARD OF GEN. JACKSON.

Among those who found a home at the historic Hermitage during the life of its heroic owner, the most notable was Lyncoya, the son of a Creek chief, picked up a baby on one of Jackson's battlefields against the Southern Indians. Practically all his life was spent there, and but for a change in administrations, the Indian boy would have gone thence to the Military Academy at West Point, to be instructed as a soldier.

On November 3, 1813, after the battle of Tallushatches was gained by "Old Hickory's" troops, an Indian child was found by a soldier on the field sucking at the breast of its dead mother. The child was taken to Jackson, who offered a reward to any of the captive squaws who would care for it. All refused, saying that as the child's mother and father were dead, it had better be killed also.

The army at the time was in a destitute condition, and all that could be given the waif was a small quantity of brown sugar, biscuit crumbs and water. By this means the General and his servant Charles kept the Indian baby alive until it could be sent to Huntsville, Ala., where it was cared for by Col. Leroy Pope. His daughter, Maria, gave the child its name, and he remained with the Pope family till the end of the Creek War, when, Jackson returning home, resumed charge of the boy and carried him to the Hermitage.

In time, Lyncoya became healthy and strong, thanks to the care he received at the hands of Mrs. Jackson. As a child, though, his race tendencies were early manifested in a desire to dress his head with all the feathers he could find about the barnyard of the Hermitage. At five years he made himself a bow and was fairly proficient with it on the Jackson poultry. At the age of eight he was sent to a neighboring school, but he was slow to learn during his first two years' attendance. After that time, however, his faculties seemed to awaken and he progressed rapidly, so rapidly that the General conceived the idea of making him a trained soldier. This

subject was discussed with President Monroe, who heartily approved it. Before the lad's education had sufficiently advanced for that, however, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay held the reigns of government, and from them Jackson's household could expect little.

Gen. Jackson decided to allow the boy to indulge a mechanical turn, and in 1827 he was apprenticed to a Nashville saddler. During the following winter a cold settled on his lungs, and he was finally given a leave of absence to go home. Mrs. Jackson did everything possible to prolong his life, but it was without avail. He died at the Hermitage June 1, 1828, aged sixteen.



TWO DAYS' BATTLE ABOUT NASHVILLE.

Nashville was the limit of Gen. John B. Hood's dash into Tennessee in 1864, that advance being marked by two bloody battles, the terrific fight at Franklin, twenty miles from Nashville, and the two days' conflict just beyond the Southern suburbs of Nashville itself.

At Franklin, November 30, 1864, Hood assaulted the Union army under Gen. John M. Schofield behind works, the attack entailing heavy loss. The loss in officers was fearful. Maj. Gen. Cleburne, Brigadier Generals Gist, John Adams, Strahl and Granbery were killed; Maj. Gen. Brown, Brigadier Generals Carter, Manigault, Quarles, Cockrill and Scott were wounded, and Brigadier General George W. Gordon, who died in 1911, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, was captured. Schofield fell back on Nashville that night, the Confederates following and taking up a position just outside the city.

The fighting around Nashville occurred December 15 and 16, between the southern suburbs and the range of hills to the south. For the first day's battle the Confederate lines extended from the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway on the east to the Hillsboro Turn-

pike on the west. For the second day the Confederate main line, greatly contracted, overlapped the Franklin Turnpike on the east and the Granny White Road on the West. George H. Thomas commanded the Union forces. He had been a Major in the Second Cavalry, organized in 1855, while Hood, the opposing general, was a Lieutenant in that regiment, and was once Thomas' acting adjutant.

Early on the morning of December 15 the citizens of Nashville were awakened by the roar of cannon from Forts Negley and Casino, announcing that Gen. Thomas had begun his attack on Hood's lines. On the right of the Confederate line was Gen. B. F. Cheatham. In the center was Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and on the left was Gen. A. P. Stewart. Against this formation Gen. James M. Steedman opposed Cheatham, with Gen. Schofield in reserve at the beginning of the fight. Thomas J. Wood's corps was in the center, and Gen. A. J. Smith, supported by a division of cavalry, was on the Union right. The battle opened with a demonstration against Cheatham on the Confederate right, notable figures in the fight there on the Union side being Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, then a Lieutenant-Colonel, and William R. Shafter, the commander in 1898 in the Santiago campaign. This attack was easily beaten off. The real fighting for the first day was on the Confederate left, in the vicinity of the Hillsboro Turnpike, out which both the commands of Wood and Smith marched to the attack. Wood's corps, the Fourth, made a general assault, and meeting a heavy cannon fire, lay down to wait for Smith to complete his flank movement against Stewart's corps. Stewart's line just before sunset was forced back beyond the Granny White Turnpike.

It was necessary for the Confederates to form a new line in the rear of the position occupied during the day for Friday's battle. During the night Cheatham was removed to the Confederate left. Stewart was in the center. Lee's corps was the right of the army, one of the strong points occupied by his troops being a spur

of the Overton Hills, on which a battery was mounted to sweep the Union lines. The fighting there was the most spectacular of the battle. Lee's part in the program was to hold the Franklin Pike. About 9 o'clock in the morning the Federal artillery opened a terrific fire on Lee's line, the fire continuing for two hours, when Gen. Sam Beatty's division of Thomas' army assaulted. The Confederates reserved their fire until the enemy was within easy range, and then delivered it with fearful effect. This attack was renewed several times, the Union forces approaching within thirty yards of Lee's line, to be driven back. The last assault occurred about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon; like the others, being beaten off. After the battle, dead men in some places lay five deep in front of the position. On the Confederate left heavy fighting was also in progress. In the morning the Confederate left was turned and the line driven back, but the old position was later gallantly retaken and held. Along the whole line, throughout the day, the artillery of the two armies engaged in one of the fiercest duels of the war.

In mid-afternoon the Confederate lines in the center, near the Granny White Turnpike, were pierced, the Union troops pouring through the gap. Col. William M. Shy, of the Twentieth Tennessee, was killed there, the hill on which he died being named for him. Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, a Confederate Brigadier, was captured and after his capture slashed wantonly on the head, it is charged, the injury permanently impairing his mind and necessitating his confinement in the asylum.

With the line broken in the center and the Federals charging in, the Confederate left gave way too, and even Lee's troops were for the moment thrown into disorder. The latter were quickly rallied, however, and formed a heroic rear guard for the defeated army till Forrest rejoined the troops at Columbia. On December 17 Lee was wounded while guarding the rear.

It is said that following the break in the Confederate line that the corps of both Stewart and Cheatham were practically disbanded, the men being told to look out

for themselves and report at Brentwood, ten miles from Nashville. This is held up as an example of the remarkable loyalty of the Southern soldiers that practically all were there, many in rags and barefooted; there were few, if any desertions, though with the battle ended the Confederate hope of ever regaining Tennessee, and the defeat presaged the end.

On the Confederate side Stephen D. Lee was a hero in the battle. It is thought by some that his work at Nashville and on the retreat was the best of his career as a soldier.

In the battle of Nashville Gen. Hood claimed to have but 20,000 men effective. Quoting Sherman as authority, he placed Thomas' force at 82,000. On January 13, Gen. Hood telegraphed from Tupelo, Miss., asking to be relieved of the command of the army.

* * *

A LOCK OF "OLD HICKORY'S" HAIR.

Deserving equal place with that tradition which concerns George Washington and the cherry tree, is that regarding Andrew Jackson and the British officer; the latter having captured the youthful Jackson after a raid in North Carolina during the Revolutionary War, and striking him with his sword when the lad refused to clean his jack boots.

This story of courageous independence might pass for a mere historical incident were it not for an incident occurring at the Hermitage, near Nashville, in the summer of 1843. The occasion was a visit to the old hero of New Orleans, then in the twilight of his days, from Rev. Hardy M. Cryer, a picturesque figure in the antebellum days of Sumner County. As Mr. Cryer was preparing to take his departure, he craved a small favor from the venerable resident of the Hermitage. It was that he might have a lock of the General's hair grown on the scar made by the sword of the British dragoon.

The old Sumner Countian left this record of the incident:

"I obtained a lock of grey hair, growing on the very indenture, showing from its length and depth and the part of the head smitten that it was intended for a death blow."

* * *

THE GOLD BOX OF GEN. JACKSON.

Turning back the pages of old Nashville newspapers, one may find in the journals of nearly a hundred years ago the following:

"On Tuesday last (May 25, 1819), reached this place in the stage, Major Colden, son of Cadwallader Colden, Esqur., mayor of the city of New York. This young gentleman is the bearer of the gold box and certificate of the freedom of the city, voted by the corporation to Maj. General Andrew Jackson. The certificate is executed in an elegant manner on parchment. Has on the right and left hand corners representations of Fame blazoning the word 'New Orleans,' the letters of which are encircled by a laurel wreath surrounded with rays. The Resolve of the Common Council, voting the freedom of the city to the General, is preceded by the following preamble:

"Whereas, the Common Council of the City of New York entertain a deep sense of the public services of Major General Andrew Jackson; as a testimonial of which, and wishing to transmit to posterity the respect they bear for his military achievements, the splendor of which is surpassed only by the great and lasting benefits they have secured to the United States, RESOLVE,' etc. The workmanship of the Gold Box does honor to the artist. Its weight and richness at once bespeak it a proper representative of the wealth and liberality of the wealthiest city in the Union. It is finished in the first style, and on a tablet in the center of the lid is engraved the following inscription: 'Presented by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonality of the City of New York, to

Major General Andrew Jackson, with the freedom of the city, as a testimony of respect for his high military services.’ ”

This was not the last of the Gold Box, sometimes referred to as the Gold Snuff Box, in which the voted freedom of the city of the great metropolis was contained. Andrew Jackson was a figure whose fame was the property of the nation. In his will, to a patriotic degree he evidenced his appreciation of this fact. Some of the choicest mementoes of his service to his country, he treated as other than personal belongings. The Gold Box was among them. It was left in trust to his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., with directions that should his country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, the latter at the close of the war should present the Gold Box to that patriot, residing in the city from which it was presented, who should be adjudged by his countrymen to have been the most valiant in defense of his country's rights.

Gen. Jackson died in 1845, and the immediately succeeding years witnessed the war with Mexico. It was not until the early part of 1849, however, that agitation began as to the heir to the Gold Box. Even then some years elapsed before there were definite developments. In 1857 a committee appointed by the Board of Council of New York City to award the Gold Box decided that it should be given to a certain Lieutenant-Colonel in a regiment of New York Volunteers. Andrew Jackson, Jr., according to family tradition, traveled to New York to make the presentation. But there was a hitch, the exact nature of which is not recorded, and the presentation to the party named by the City Fathers of New York was not made. Finally, in 1859, the Gold Box found an heir. It was presented to Brevet-General Ward B. Burnett. The ceremony occurred in the City Hall of Nashville, Mayor Randall McGavock presiding. Something of a mystery is suggested by the ceremony. Neither the soldier so honored nor the trustee of the Gold Box was present. Gen. Burnett was represented

by Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, of Tennessee, Gen. Burnett being recorded as on duty as surveyor general of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. Dr. John M. Lawrence spoke for his father-in-law, Andrew Jackson, Jr. It is possible that politics had played a part in the previous deliberations of the New York Council, thus casting a shadow upon an award that deserved to be, as it was planned by the great soldier, an interesting testimonial to patriotism.



GUNBOAT NASHVILLE OPENED A WAR.

In the Revolutionary War a Tennessean, John Sevier, received a sword from the mother State, North Carolina, for his distinguished part in the battle of King's Mountain.

In the War of 1812 a Tennessean, Andrew Jackson, largely with Tennessee troops, won the crowning victory of the war at New Orleans, fighting the best troops of the British army.

In the Mexican War, Tennessee won her name of Volunteer State; 2,800 soldiers were called for as the State's quota, and 30,000 responded.

In the Civil War, Tennessee furnished to the Confederate army two lieutenant generals, eight major generals, thirty-one brigadiers and 113,000 soldiers. To the Federal cause the State contributed 31,092 soldiers, exclusive of negroes, and one of the notable naval officers of history, Farragut.

A vessel named for the capital of Tennessee, the gunboat Nashville, commanded by a Tennessean, Capt. Washburn Maynard, opened the Spanish-American War.

The gun which fired the first shot is now on exhibition in the History Building, at Centennial Park, Nashville. The shot was fired April 22, 1898, about eight miles south of Sand Key Light, off the coast of Florida, the target being the tramp freight steamer Buena Ven-

tura, hailing from Bilboa, Spain, bound from Pascagoula, Miss., for Rotterdam with a cargo of lumber. First a blank was fired, which the Spaniard did not heed. Then a shot from a six pounder was sent by the Nashville across her bow, at which the Buena Ventura hove to, a prize crew being sent aboard and the captive carried into Key West.

The commander of the Nashville, Capt. Maynard, visited Nashville that winter, coming on December 16 in company with Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac. A sword, the gift of the school children, was presented Capt. Maynard on that occasion, the formal presentation being made by Capt. Hobson.

Maynard came of a noted East Tennessee family, being a son of Horace Maynard, Postmaster General in Hayes' cabinet.



EVENTFUL VOYAGE OF "THE ADVENTURER."

The permanent settlement on the banks of the Cumberland, which was the beginning of Nashville, was largely the result of a voyage perhaps without a parallel in American history. The succeeding results of the voyage almost equalled those of the Mayflower's journey, while the hardships endured and the dangers faced surpassed those to which even the Pilgrim Fathers were exposed.

The expedition traversed the Holston River from Fort Patrick Henry, now Kingsport, Tenn., to its confluence with the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to its mouth, up the Ohio to the Cumberland, thence up the Cumberland to the site of Nashville. Following the meandering courses of the rivers, the courageous voyagers crossed the States of Tennessee and Kentucky twice, dipped far down into Alabama, with still a final lap in Tennessee. Traveling on the same ground today by railroad and touching at the main points, the journey

would be one of over 800 miles. Following the path of the streams, the distance traversed by the pioneers was over twice as great. The expedition, undertaken "by God's permission," started in midwinter, December 22, 1779, and that particular winter was a very hard one. It is known as the "Cold Winter." The treacherous places in the streams traversed—the sucks, the whirlpools, the cross currents—were unknown to the voyagers. The banks of the rivers were rank wilderness, infested with hostile Indians. The voyage, in fact, was made over twelve years before even Knoxville was laid out as a town. Before the mouth of the Cumberland was reached, and the arduous task of breasting its current was begun, the provisions had given out and the brave little company was subsisting on what game could be killed.

This expedition brought a number of families, men, women and children, and their simple household goods, to join the hardy pioneers who had followed James Robertson overland through the wilderness from Watauga to what was the favorite hunting ground of the Indians. Among the voyagers was James Robertson's wife. Another was the mother of Hon. Balie Peyton. Commanding the expedition was John Donelson, father of Andrew Jackson's wife-to-be, the young woman being among those who made the journey over the waters. John Donelson's boat was fittingly styled "The Adventure," and the doughty captain kept a journal of the trip, which is today one of the most highly prized historical documents in Tennessee.

The little fleet in the early stages of the journey was delayed by low water on the shoals, the party suffering much distress from cold. Near the site of Knoxville one of the boats was driven on the point of an island and sunk, the entire expedition being compelled to put ashore to save the unlucky craft and its cargo. Near what is now Kingston, Tenn., the first death occurred, that of a negro servant. Two days later, after experiencing much danger from the strong tide in the river, a landing was made at a deserted Indian town, where one of

the women of the party was delivered of a child, which subsequently died. The voyagers by this time were far into the country of the Indians, and from that time until the Ohio was reached boats approaching too near to the shore were under fire of the savages. The first death from this source was that of a young man named Payne, an occupant of Capt. Blackemore's boat, which ran too near the north shore of the Tennessee River. The same day, March 8, a still more tragic misfortune befell the expedition in the loss of the Stuart family and its friends, to the number of twenty-eight.

"This man," says the journal of John Donelson, "had embarked with us for the western country, but his family being diseased with the smallpox, it was agreed upon between him and the company that he should keep at some distance in the rear, for fear of the infection spreading; and he was warned each night when the encampment should take place by the sound of a horn. After we had passed the town, the Indians having now collected to a considerable number, observing his helpless situation, singled off from the rest of the fleet, intercepted him and killed and took prisoner the whole crew, to the great grief of the whole company, uncertain how soon they might share the same fate; their cries were distinctly heard by those boats in the rear."

There were yet other trials for the voyagers that day. At a point where the river was compressed within half its customary width by the Cumberland Mountains, one boat was overturned and its cargo lost. When others went to the owner's assistance, they were promptly fired on by Indians from the overhanging cliffs and forced to beat a precipitate retreat.

March 12 the company reached the Mussel Shoals of Tennessee River, the navigation of which was successfully undertaken, though the boats were threatened with instant destruction constantly, and their occupants were terrified by the roar of the waters. Two days later the Indians appeared again, wounding five men, and during the night the party had to take to their boats, fearing a surprise. The mouth of the Tennessee was reached

March 15, 1780, the stock of provisions being exhausted, and the crews worn down with hunger and fatigue.

"Saturday, 25th.—Today we are much encouraged; the river grows wider; the current is very gentle, and we are now convinced it is the Cumberland. I have derived great assistance from a small square sail which was fixed up on the day we left the mouth of the river; and to prevent any ill effects from sudden flaws of wind, a man was stationed at each of the lower corners of the sheet with directions to give way whenever it was necessary.

"Monday, April 24th.—This day we arrived at our journey's end at the Big Salt Lick, where we have the pleasure of finding Capt. Robertson and his company. It is a source of satisfaction to us to be enabled to restore to him and others their families and friends, who were entrusted to our care, and who some time since, perhaps despaired of ever meeting again. Though our prospects at present are dreary, we have found a few log cabins which have been built on a cedar bluff above the lick, by Capt. Robertson and his company."

Such was life in Nashville in the year 1780.

* * *

GIFT OF THE CHEROKEE PRINCESS.

One of the most interesting curios in the Tennessee Historical Society collection at Nashville is a blue pitcher, unostentatious in appearance, but a highly valued relic of other days in the State. The pitcher was presented to Mrs. James K. Polk, wife of President Polk, by Lee-Sic, a Cherokee princess. Years ago, when East Tennessee was the home of the Cherokees, this was the "Pitcher of the Chiefs," and was made use of on occasions of state. Mrs. Polk presented the pitcher to the Historical Society, by which it is carefully preserved. A description of the pitcher is given in the following letter, which attended the original presentation to Mrs. Polk:

"SHIN-BAYOU DISTRICT, Cherokee Nation, April 27, 1845.

"Lee-Sic, a native Cherokee, wife of George W. Hunter, also a native and citizen of the Cherokee Nation, most respectfully presents her compliments and kind wishes to Mrs. Polk, wife of 'The Great Father of the Red Man,' and begs permission to present her with a blue pitcher which has been in their family more than half a century. It was used in the council at Hopewell in the year 1785, which concluded the long and bloody war between the United States and the Cherokee tribe, by a treaty of peace which has never been broken by the Indians. It was called 'The Pitcher of the Chiefs,' and descended to them from Oken-stan-tah, the great king of all the Cherokees, who kept his council fires continually burning at the city of Echota, called and meaning in the English language, 'The City of Love.' The seat of government at which the treaty of 1835 was negotiated, was named New Echota after this ancient city.

"Oken-stan-tah, the last great king, terminated his reign in the year 1765. According to the ancient usages and customs of his tribe, his simple word was law, the dispenser of life and death. Any of his people who had forfeited their lives by the commission of crime, or an open enemy of the tribe, would could reach the sacred city, were safe within its precincts.

"The antiquated pitcher, thus descended to the family who now has the right of bequeathing it, is herewith presented to Mrs. Polk, through the husband of the donor and her friends, General Mason and Colonel Stambaugh, with the sincere and ardent prayer that she may live long in prosperity and happiness, and that she may sometimes think kindly of the Cherokee people.

"LEE SIC, "Wife of George W. Hunter.

"To the Hon. Mrs. Polk, President's House, Washington City."

(Foot note: According to Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee, Echota was located on Tellico River, in East Tennessee. The chief referred to in the above letter was probably O-ka-na-stota, the distinguished Cherokee who visited England during the reign of George II.)

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

Aaron V. Brown, a former governor of Tennessee, was the last Tennessean to occupy a seat in a President's cabinet before the war. He was Postmaster General under Buchanan, and it was during his administration of the department's affairs that the great transcontinental mail service—Butterfield's Overland—was inaugurated between the Mississippi River and San Francisco. The former country seat of Aaron V. Brown, near Nashville, known as Melrose, continues one of the handsomest places about the city, being located a little way off the Nolensville Road. The Brown home at Washington was the former residence of the French Minister, Count de Sarteges. The contract for the overland mail service was awarded by the Post Office Department July 1, 1857, the figure being \$590,000 for a semi-weekly service. John Butterfield headed the private company which received the contract. The route as put in operation had for its eastern termini St. Louis and Memphis, the two branches forming a junction at Fort Smith, going thence in the direction of Preston on Red River, thence to Fort Fillmore, above El Paso on the Rio Grande, thence along a road being constructed to Fort Yuma on Colorado River, and thence through Tehon Pass to Frisco. The length of the route was between 2,700 and 2,800 miles. There was danger from the Indians. There was great inconvenience from the lack of water in the desert, the company having to forward that precious commodity to its stations in the waste places. Many of the horses drawing the first stage had never borne harness till put to the coach, and it is easy to imagine that the six travelers, occupying the coach on the first trip, had their share of thrills as the unbroken mustangs ahead of the rocking Concord scampered across plains, through mountain passes or along the edge of gaping ravines.

The first mail arrived in St. Louis from San Francisco Saturday, October 9, 1858, though it was not due till

the following Monday morning. Its arrival was the occasion of a celebration, a procession of citizens, headed by a band, escorting the coach to the post office. John Butterfield sent telegrams to President Buchanan and to the Postmaster General announcing the triumphant arrival of the coach ahead of time. The message to Buchanan read:

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Oct. 9, 1858.

"To the President of the United States:

"Sir: The great Overland Mail arrived in St. Louis today from San Francisco in twenty-three days and four hours. The stage brought through six passengers. With great respect.

JOHN BUTTERFIELD,

"President Overland Mail Co."

Postmaster General Brown received extraordinary praise as a result of the successful launching of the stupendous undertaking. He might have been a presidential possibility for 1860 had he lived. He died in 1859, and is buried in Nashville. The great Overland stage line did not survive the war. A million dollars was lost by the proprietors during its operation.

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NASHVILLE IN A RECEIVER'S HANDS.

Nashville is one of the few cities ever thrown into the hands of a receiver. The receivership was sought not because of the corporation's financial disability, but because of mismanagement and extravagance on the part of the men in office—known to fame as the Alden ring. E. A. Alden was Mayor, and the regime was of the so-called "carpet-bag" variety, a type familiar during the Reconstruction period which followed the Civil War.

The late John M. Bass, on June 28, 1869, took charge of the city's affairs as receiver under an order issued by

Chancellor Charles G. Smith, dated at Gallatin, where the application had lately been heard.

Prominent in the movement to have the city thrown into the hands of a receiver was the late Col. Arthur S. Colyar, of Nashville, who had been a member of the Confederate Congress from Tennessee. On May 22, 1869, Col. Colyar addressed the citizens of Nashville at the old Masonic Theatre, alleging that over \$700,000 had been issued by the Alden government without vouchers. On June 2, he filed his bill at Clarksville, Chancellor Smith granting an injunction against the Recorder issuing and the Revenue Collector and Treasurer receiving checks. For the faithful execution of the trust, Mr. Bass was called upon to give a bond of \$100,000. The bond was liberally signed, indeed the list of bondsmen might be taken as an honor roll of Nashville's citizenship at the time of the proceeding. Mr. Bass and his agents administered the city government economically and well. By the time his administration ended, the citizens, before disfranchised on account of the Civil War, had had the franchise restored to them, and elected a city government to their own liking. At the time of the procedure, neither in England nor the United States had a receiver ever been appointed to take charge of an incorporated city.

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NASHVILLE SAVED BY THE DOGS.

A marble tablet erected upon the side of the First National Bank Building, at the corner of Fourth Avenue, North and Church Street, in Nashville, perpetuates the fame of those who fell in defense of the settlement on Cumberland River in one of early Nashville's most desperate Indian fights—the Battle of the Bluffs.

On April 2, 1781, a large band of Cherokees made a determined attack upon the fort which stood upon the

bluff on the west side of the river, the site adjoining the foot of Church Street. Their plan of attack was carefully made, the main body, in the night, secreting themselves in ambuscade about the little fort. In the early morning three ventured in sight of the fort and fired on it. The settlers quickly responded, a party of nineteen or twenty horsemen dashing out of the fort gates in pursuit. Near the present corner of Broadway and Third Avenue they discovered many Indians secreted in the thickets bordering a creek, and at once dismounted to fight them. Another large party of Indians lay in ambush along what is now Fourth Avenue, prepared to cut off their retreat and rush on the fort. When the battle began to rage about the creek, this second body of Indians rose with a war whoop from the bushes and dashed forward, forming a line that entirely cut off from the fort the little band of fighters. The settlement seemed doomed. The horses of the whites, however, meanwhile free of their riders, and frightened by the discharge of many guns, dashed off, taking a course near the line of Indians in the rear. At the sight of so many coveted horses almost within their reach, many warriors left their places in the line to chase them.

Mrs. Robertson, wife of the founder of the settlement, Gen. James Robertson, from the fort had witnessed the perilous predicament of her husband and his followers. She saw, too, the diversion caused by the horses.

"Let loose the dogs!" she cried from the lookout station over the fort gate to those below her. The animals, trained to attack Indians, rushed forth to the fray, attacking a part of the line that had held fast. Fiercely beset in this new quarter, the savages, who were prepared to cut off the fighters along the creek, were forced to protect themselves from the fury of the dogs. The little party of whites along the creek quickly took advantage of the Indian disorder occasioned by the faithful dogs. Making for that point in the Indian line which the warriors had left to pursue the horses, they succeeded in passing through and reaching the fort.

But for the timely attack of the dogs, the little party could not have escaped death.

Several, as it was, were killed, among them Capt. James Leiper, accredited with being the first man married in the settlement. But the majority of them—among them James Robertson—were saved, as was the little fort. The work of the dogs!

"Thanks be to God, who gave to the Indians a dread of dogs and a love for horses," Mrs. Robertson exclaimed as her husband, begrimed from the fight, but safe, entered the fort with his stalwart followers.

* * *

HOOD'S TRIBUTE TO A GIRL.

On the second day of the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, there occurred an incident which Gen. John B. Hood, commander of the Confederate army in the two days' fight, has seen fit to record in his "Advance and Retreat." About 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the Confederate line gave way. Soon after according to the Confederate commander, it broke at all points, and much of the army abandoned the field in confusion.

Hood relates the incident referred to above in the following language:

"When our troops were in the greatest confusion, a young lady of Tennessee, Miss Mary Bradford, rushed in their midst, regardless of the storm of bullets, and in the name of God and our country, implored them to reform and face the enemy. Her name deserves to be enrolled among the heroes of the war, and it is with pride that I bear testimony to her bravery and patriotism."

Order among the troops, however, was not restored until the village of Brentwood was reached, some miles in the rear.

The heroine of the day became the wife of the late John Johns, a prominent citizen of Nashville, and she is today (1912) a widely beloved resident of Nashville.

SAM DAVIS, THE BOY HERO.

"Headquarters, Gen. Bragg's Scouts, Middle Tennessee, Sept. 25, 1863. Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee or south of the Tennessee River he may think proper. By order of Gen. Bragg.—E. COLEMAN, Captain Commanding Scouts."

Sam Davis, his commander, Capt. H. B. Shaw (Coleman), and others of the detachment of Bragg's scouts had had a very successful but very hazardous sojourn in Middle Tennessee. They had watched Gen. G. M. Dodge's corps of the Union army, the Sixteenth, march from Corinth, Miss., to Pulaski, Tenn., and had accurate information as to the strength of the Federal forces in Tennessee, their movements, and descriptions of the works at Nashville and other points. The scouts had agreed to leave for the South on the night of November 19 to rejoin Bragg's army.

Late in the afternoon of November 19 a handful of them, including Sam Davis, about fifteen miles from Pulaski, Tenn., ran into the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, the "Kansas Jayhawkers," were taken prisoner and carried to Pulaski, Gen. Dodge's headquarters. In Sam Davis' saddle seat were found records of the important information gained by the scouts in their expedition; and in his boot a letter from "Coleman" to Col. A. M. McKinstry, Provost Marshal of Bragg's army. Davis, a youth of twenty-one, was questioned by Dodge's provost marshal, Capt. W. F. Armstrong, who, gaining no information, sent him to the General's headquarters at once. The General and the scout had another interview the next morning, in which the former told the boy soldier that the charge against him, of being a spy, was very serious, that he had obtained possession of very accurate information of the Federal army, and he (Dodge) must know how he obtained it. Young Davis realized the seriousness of the situation, but he declared

he was willing to take the consequences. Gen. Dodge insisting on knowing the name of the person from whom he had gotten the information, expressed the belief that it must have come from some one near headquarters, or one who had the confidence of his staff. A refusal to give the name, Gen. Dodge said, would necessitate the calling of a court martial, and from the proof in the commander's hands there could be but one verdict—death.

The young soldier resolutely refused to tell the source of the information. The court martial was forthwith called, the detail being headed by Col. Madison Miller, of the Eighteenth Missouri Infantry. There were two charges against Davis: being a spy and carrying communications from within the Union lines to persons in arms against the United States government. To the charge of being a spy, Davis pleaded not guilty. To the second charge he pleaded guilty. The military commission found him guilty of both, and sentenced him to die on the gallows November 27, 1863. The boy was surprised at the severity of the punishment. He had expected to be shot. His resolution, however, was not shaken. On November 26, he wrote telling his mother good-bye. That night Chaplain James Young, of the Eighty-First Ohio, was with him in his prison, giving him spiritual comfort, and joined him in singing the old-fashioned hymn, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I stand." The next morning his fellow-scouts, imprisoned, heard the roll of drums and the tramp of the regiment detailed for the execution. As they looked, Davis was marched out from the jail, mounted the wagon, nodded his head to the captive comrades who were watching him, and rode away to the place of execution, seated on his coffin.

At the scaffold, Capt. Armstrong told him of the Confederates' defeat at Missionary Ridge.

"The boys will have to fight their battles without me," he replied simply.

The Union soldiers, full of admiration of the boy's calm courage, would willingly have saved him if they

could, and "Capt. Chickasaw," of Dodge's scouts, still hoping that the boy, facing death, might weaken, dashed up and told him it was not even then too late to save his life.

"If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer," was his answer.

It was Capt. Shaw from whom he received the papers to carry South. Shaw, among the captive scouts in the Fulaski courthouse, the most sought of all the Confederate scouts by the Federals, knew of the offers of life held out to Davis and had been nervous himself, for if Davis told, Shaw's death was certain. But the boy soldier did not fail him. He went to his death without faltering in the line of duty, and Shaw, his identity unknown, was simply sent North to prison.

To S. A. Cunningham, editor of the Confederate Veteran, is due much of the credit for revivifying the story of Sam Davis' heroism, and that story revived, after the war's bitterness was over, found a ready response in every heart that admired courage or honored loyalty. Tennessee offered a site for his monument on Capitol Hill, at Nashville, where before only her Presidents had been honored. Contributions for the monument, which was unveiled in 1909, came from every State in the Union. One came from Gen. Dodge, who in giving it declared that Davis had shown himself a true soldier. "He had been intrusted," he said, "with an important commission by an important officer, who was imprisoned with him, and died rather than betray him."

The body of Sam Davis was carried to his old home at Smyrna, twenty miles from Nashville, where he sleeps with his fathers. He had enlisted in the army at the outbreak of the war in Ledbetter's company of the First Tennessee infantry, and died a private.

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